

J. HOWMAN  
THE COMPANION SONG TO THE FAMOUS "MY MOTHER'S LULLABY"

# A DADDY'S PRAYER

—BY—  
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## A DADDY'S PRAYER

By HAROLD B. FREEMAN

*Slowly*

A lit - tle girl sat on her fa - ther's knee Just at the close of day \_\_\_\_\_ She  
The lit - tle girl thought for a time and then Looked in her fa - ther's eyes \_\_\_\_\_ She

looked up and said, "When I go to bed, Have I got to kneel and pray?" \_\_\_\_\_ And  
said, "I'll pray too, Just the same as you, And then praps God will get wise!" \_\_\_\_\_ I

then Dad - dy kissed her and held her near, And a tear was in his eye \_\_\_\_\_ He said,  
want to see broth - er come home a - gain, "Cause I know you're aw - fully sad" \_\_\_\_\_ Then they'

"Don't for - get broth - er is far a - way, And you'll pray the same as I . . .  
knelt there a - lone in that cheer - less home, And she prayed be - side her Dad . . .

CHORUS (*Slowly*)

Bring back my wand - 'ring boy to - night, My sol - dier so dear to

me — The boy who was once my joy and light, The pride of my

life to be — Now somewhere in France, 'mid shot and shell, He's

fight - ing ov - er there — I'm here all a - lone Dear God bring him

home That was a Dad - dy's Prayer. ——————  
 1. ——————  
 2. ——————  
 home That was a Dad - dy's Prayer. ——————  
 Prayer. ——————

HAROLD FREEMAN'S MASTERPIECE.  
MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

If you can pause for a moment, in this whirl of life, and lay aside the cares and the worries, and look back-across the bridge of life when you were a kid in your mother's arms, in your mind the sweetest picture in the world will be formed, when your mother was singing you to sleep with the beautiful strains of "Rock-a-bye, Baby."

Too young to have a care in the world, you were content in those strong arms, and Paradise could never be nearer to you than at that time.

That's what MY MOTHER'S LULLABY brings to you - the most beautiful memories, the thoughts of childhood, of mother, and of peace. It's a song of mother-love, and in the sublimity of the devotion of the mother for her child, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY excels the ordinary song; it is nothing pretentious, but a simple story, and a story that the whole world loves, told in a simple way. Can these words awaken in your heart a faint throb of responsiveness and bring you memories-wonderful memories.

CHORUS

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me,  
Just a song so soft and low, an old sweet melody;

It wasn't a classic of opera so grand,

A sweet simple tune you could all understand,

Rock-a-bye Baby on the tree-top, seemed to make me cry,  
Still I hear it, soft and low, MY MOTHER'S LULLABY.

And then play this little bit of the music:-

*CHORUS. Slowly and tenderly*

In the days of long ago, Mother sang to me, Just a song so soft and low, An old sweet melody.

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